Gucen Victoria's Coronation. Greville writes in his memories of Queen Victoria's coronation: "The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done except the archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters) and the Duke of Wellington, and consequently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the archbishop.

She said to John Thynne: 'Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know;' and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him: 'What am I to do with it?' 'Your majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand.' 'Am I?' she said; 'it is very heavy.' The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put It there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe h er finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey, everybody scrambling with all their might and main to get them, and none more vigorously than the Maids of Honor. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety. fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. His first impulse was to rise, and when afterward he came again to do homage she said, "May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation.

Babies' Shoes.

"Tell me something about babies' shoes. How are they numbered?" "No. 4 is the first shoe out of baby. hood. No 0 has a soft sole of white kid and pasteboard, and is the successor of the knit wool boots that are sold for babies in long dresses. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 have what is called the turned sole, sewed together on the wrong side and turned out. There are from four to five buttons on the side, and a black tassel is now fastened at the top in front. The latest is to have a vamp of French kid with calf uppers, or, what is still better, a half-boxed round toe, tipped with patent leather." "Is there no change in the shape of

children's shoes?" "None. There can't well be because the sole must be sufficiently broad to stand the wear and tear. Square toes are preferred to round, because they allow freer development to the toes. The spring heel, which was introduced nearly two years ago, is worn as early as two years of age, and has recently become fashionable for girls in their teens. It is nothing but a slip of leather inserted between the sole and that part of the shoe pressed by the wearer's heel. It is seldom that a smaller than a No. 8 is made with a regular heel, and that is on the common sense plan, low and broad. These and the large sizes have a higher top than has been usual for several years. Children would have betterlooking feet if they had wiser mothers, and the fault lies in the first shoes worn. One pair too short will ruin the feet, no matter how loose subsequent ones may be."-New York Mail and Express.

Animal Courage.

The sagacious horse soon learns to despise a timid rider. The confidence of a horse in a firm rider and his own courage is great, as was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late General Sir Robert R. Gillespie, who, being present on the racecourse at Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when several hundred thousand people assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks of the crowd, and informed that a tiger had escaped from his keeper. Sir Robert immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar spear which was in the hands of one of the crowd, rode to attack his formidable enemy. The tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shricking beings flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert he crouched with the attitude of preparing to spring, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back and stuck the spear through his spine. The horse was a small gray, afterward sent home by him a present to the Prince Regent .-London Society.

A Sheep Intoxicant. In reference to the statement published elsewhere in regard to 200 bucks being poisoned in Eastern Oregon, a gentleman who has extensive interests in that section and who has spent several years on the sheep ranges there, gives the following information: There is a low weed growing on certain ranges, which, when eaten by the sheep in the fall, proves fatal. The sheep run on these ranges in the spring without damage. Then they are driven to the mountains for the summer. and when they come back on the range in the fall this poison weed is ripe and the seeds have fallen on the ground. The Sheep feed on the weed and probably the seeds. Presently their ears droop, they froth at the mouth, and their brain is affected. Afterstanding for a while in a dazed condition they start off in any direction they happen to be headed and keep going till they walk over a cliff or into a gully or fall dead. They caunot be turned or stopped, but walk off a bluff as composedly as if it was level ground. So far as I know there is no cure for sheep which have eaten this weed. Cattle and horses are not poisoned by it .- Portland Oregonian.

The Tale of a Fish. When a man doth wish to angle. A hook like this he loves to dangle:

He has a line so good and strong, And catches a fish about so long:

Before he gets home the fish doth grow (?) And he tells his friends that it stretched out

But his friends who have a-fishing been, Know that the man has lied like sin, And they simply sit and smile and grin.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A Simple Remedy.

Lard as an application for bruises is if put on as soon as possible, it will sic. usually remove all soreness, and prevent the discoloration that follows such a hurt. If the bruise is severe it may not cure it entirely, but will help it in any case. A blow on the face followed by a black and blue spot is especially annoying, but unless so near the eyes as to settle black under them, lard will prevent such discoloration. Try it when next you are so unfortunate as to get a bruise.

Burns.

Advice on the best way to act when the clothing is on fire has so often been given in print that it seems as if everyone must know how to act in this terrible emergency; yet one can scarcely take up a newspaper without seeing that some unfortunate woman has perished because she ran about screaming for help instead of rolling on the floor and trying to smother the flames. It is of the greatest importance that the mouth should be kept shut, so that the flames may not be breathed in. If there is water at hand to dash on the fire, it can be easily extinguished, but too often there is none; then seize the first woolen article that heavy table cover, rug or piece of carpet -and wrap it tightly around the person, floor, as this crushes out the flame. Fire cannot burn without air; when the supply is cut off it must go out. If the sufferer seems extremely weak and exhausted by the shock, give a few spoonfuls of brandy and water. If the feet are cold, apply hot bricks or bottles of hot water to them. Cut the clothes off the injured parts; do not attempt to remove them in any other way. If the skin is not much broken, mix in a bowl a thick paste of common baking soda, pread it thickly on linen and lay it on the burns. As it begins to dry, wet by squeezing water on it without removing if it is kept thoroughly damp, there is usually little pain. When there is a large raw surface, cover with a thick layer of cosmoline, oiled rags, or simply wet cloths; if the air can be excluded the smarting will cease. A burn is dangerous in proportion to its extent rather than its depth. In all severe cases, send for a doctor at once. Very nourisning food must be given to sustain the system while the tissue that was lost is being replaced.

Cookery for Colds.

A PLEASANT DRAUGHT FOR A COLD .-Boil a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in pint of new milk. Reduce it to half the quantity, add sugar to taste, and a drop of almond essence. This should be taken at bedtime, not too warm.

APPLE WATER .- This is a refreshing beverage when a bad cold has the effect of making one thirsty. It is especially ppreciated by children. Cut four slowy-baked apples in quarters, put them in jug with a couple of cloves. Pour a quart of boiling water on them. In hree hours strain and sweeten to taste.

LEMON WHEY .-- This is often recommended to excite perspiration after a chill, and is less heating than the white wine woey sometimes given for that purpose. Pour into boiling new milk as much lemon juice as will make a small quantity quite clear. Add enough hot water to make it a pleasant acid, and before going to bed.

RICE CAUDLE.—This is an excellent remedy for any case where a sudden chill has brought on diarrhæa. Soak some rice for an hour in cold water, strain it, and put two tablespoonfuls of the rice into a pint or rather more of new milk. Simmer till it will pulp through a sieve. Put the pulp and milk into a saucepan, with a bruised clove, a bit of cinnamon, and loaf sugar to taste. Simmer ten minutes more. If too thick, add a little milk. Serve with exceedingly thin strips of dry toast.

OATMEAL GRUEL .- Mix two tablespoonfuls of fine fresh oatmeal with a sinch of salt and a little cold milk; when quite smooth, gradually pour into it half a pint more. Set it over a clear fire in a fined saucepan, and stir without intermission. Many cooks let the gruel stand to simmer at the side of the fire, only stirring occasionally, but this is a great mistake. To be good, gruel must be stirrred the whole time. After it comes to boiling point, pour in another quarter of a pint of cold milk, and boil for twenty minutes. If approved sweeten the gruel with loaf sugar, and flavor it with a pinch of nutmeg and a small shred of cinnamon. If it is not approved, serve it plain. There is nothing more delicious than a basin of well made gruel, and nothing more unpleasant to take, or even to look at, than the badly made gruel so often sent up to an invalid by a lazy cook. Gruel is also most soothing remedy for a bad cold.

Sparrows as Food.

The English sparrows are recommended by the New York Experiment station as an excellent food. The same recommendation has been previously and frequently given in these columns, and the suggestion has been made that farmer's boys should turn their ready shotguns upon the too abundant pests. Sparrows are a regular article of consumption in France, and travelers in that country and in Germany may recall the small, clean, white cloth covered stands in the markets upon which [these birds, ready trussed for the cook, are exposed for sale in large numbers. In what shape they appear on the table, however, no traveler can probably tell, for French cookery is well known to be a series of wonderful transformations. But the American housewife may serve them as quail on toast, roasted, fried, stewed, or in pies, and in short in any way in which a most excellent and well flavored bird can be cooked. They may be made a substitute for reed birds, for quail, and for rail, but the country birds which feed upon 'wheat and other grains are here refered to and not the city birds, whose unclean food is rather an object against any other use for them than as food for cats .- New York Times.

Twins Who Think Alike. Watkinsville boasts as many pretty girls as any town in Georgia to its population, and none are more popular than the twin sisters, Misses Sallie and Mollie Woodis. These young ladies resemble each other so nearly that even their intimate friends are often at a loss to tell "t'other from which," and they have a good deal of fun at the expense of young men who mistake which sister they are speaking to. They are devotedly attached to each other and have never had a cross word. In fact not only their tastes and wishes, but even thoughts flow in the same channel. It is a singular fact, but nevertheless true, that when one's mind dwells upon a subject the other's thoughts are exactly the same. This has been tested time and again by friends calling one at a time aside and asking her thoughts, and they are found thought they were being guyed, and did -Middleboro News. to be identical. - Sarannah News.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A naturalist, who has just returned from Spain, says that the natives keep considered indispensable at our house. locusts in cages for the sake of their mu-

> A great many coins, English shillings, six-pences, coppers and one Canadian piece, were found in Jumbo's stomach by the gentleman having charge of his

Easter of next year falls on St. Mark's Day, April 25, its latest possible date. The last time this occurred was in 1736 (old style), and it will not so fall again

It used to be said that the mandrake was watched over by Satan, and that if it were pulled at certain times with certain invocations the evil spirit would

appear to do the bidding of the prac. In 1495 Maximilian put under the ban of his empire, and fined to the amount of 2,000 marks gold, every city or individual who accepted or gave a challenge to private war. This was the formal, though not the final, close of the right of "diffidation," as it was called. The word quoted implied a breaking of faith or peace, and thus war between

individuals. It is said that Cæsar found 320,000 persons, or nearly three-quarters of the whole population of the city of Rome, can be caught up-a shawl, overcoat, on the roll of public succor; five modii of bread (or about fifty-six pounds) were distributed to each person per month. if possible, roll her over and over on the | Under Augustus there were 200,000 persons in Rome receiving "out door" relief from the authorities.

The diver of the Persian gulf or of Ceylon attaches a weight of some twenty pounds to his feet to aid in his descent, and carries seven or eight pounds more of ballast in his belt. He protects both eyes and ears with oiled cotton, bandages his mouth and goes down some forty feet with a rope. He remains down some tifty-three to eighty seconds, and helps himself up again by the rope.

The inhabitants of Nova Scotia were more in favor of the struggling Americans in the days of the Revolution than were those of Canada. A large portion of them seemed desirous of linking their fortunes with the cause of the "Bostonians," as the American patriots were called. They petitioned the continental congress on the subject of union, and opened communications with Washington; and Massachusetts was more than once asked to aid in revolutionizing the province. But its weakness and distance made such assistance impracticable.

The buildings which surrounded the public squares in ancient Rome corresponded in lavish magnificence to the altars, statues, dedicatory columns and triumphal arches. Broad colonnades with shops formed the enclosure, interrupted by temples and courts of justice, which can have differed but little in external appearance from the sacred edifices. Most important among their public buildings were the basilicas, which in name, purpose and form were derived from Greek prototypes. As halls of justice and places for commercial traffic they may be regarded as covered extensions of the open squares.

Paying a Wedding Fee.

The Rev. Mr. S., of Lowell, is as often called upon as any other pastor in the city to tie the conjugal knot.

Several years ago he was waited upon one evening by a young man, a stranger, sweeten to taste. Strain and drink hot who requested his presence at No. 40

He reached No. 40 Blank street in good time, made known the object of his visit and was introduced to a lodger who turned out to be the party in ques-He invited the clergyman to walk up to his room, when the landlady, with that keen interest in things matrimonial characteristic of the female mind, tendered the use of her parlor for the

occasion. The young man disappeared and shortly returned, supporting on his arm a comely young woman, whom he presented to the minister and the landlady

as the bride-elect. The twain were soon made one, in the stately and impressive manner for which our clergyman is noted, and the usual

awkward pause ensued. The silence was broken by the groom, who inquired of Mr. S. if he was fond of dogs, and on being assured that he was, the young man vanished to the upper regions and returned, followed by a

small terrier. This animal was put through a variety of tricks, expert and amusing, and the reverend gentleman then arose to take his departure (and his fee).

The bridegroom assisted him on with his overcoat and remarked: "Well, now, Mr. S., you've married me; that's your trade. I showed my trick dog to you; that's my trade. You usually get five dollars for putting up your job, I get as much for an evening's entertainment with Nep, there; I guess we are about square, ain't we?"

Mr. S. assured the gentleman that the existing relations between them were of the squarest possible kind, and, expressing a polite hope that the groom would derive as much pleasure and profit by his part of the transaction as he had done from his, withdrew the gainer by a new experience. - Detroit Free Press.

A Stable for 2,400 Horses. The Broadway and Seventh Avenue Railway company, of New York, has a staule at Fiftieth street which will cover the largest number of horses under one roof in this country, or 2,400. The feed of this regiment of horses consists of hay, oats and corn. A supply of rock salt is also furnished. Each horse receives about eight pounds of hay a day, which with 2,400 horses means about 3.500 tons a year. This is chopped up fine by cutters run by an eighty-horse power engine. The storeroom for feed contains 12,000 bushels of grain and is filled up every three months. In mixing, about 10,000 bushels of oats are put with 12,000 bushels of corn. In a room where the prepared food is put a horizontal section shows a mass of feed ten feet deep, consisting of layers of chopped hay, ground corn and oats, which are taken in the proportions desired and are placed upon the floor, where a constant spray of water mingles with it to pounds of rock salt in the lump are purchased four times a year. Lumps are

The Officers Passed Them.

A year or so ago a merchant vessel was sent to Havana to bring back to the Unite d States some shipwrecked sailors. While there they obtained a lot of chear cigars, which they corded up in a great pile on the deck. Over this pile, which looked very much like a cord of wood, they threw a lot of old sail cloth, and when the customs officers asked them If they had any dutiable goods on board they pointed to this pile and said it contained cigars. The customs officers thought they were being guyed, and did not look at them.

In the community could be kept of the community could be kept of him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a lawyer with feeble voice that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward who ing wrath of the community could be kept of him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a lawyer with feeble voice that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward who they pointed to this pile and said it connot look at them.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

THE BLOOD.

Text: Hebrews ix., 22-"Without shedding of blood is no remissio Whittier, the last of the great school of American poets that made the las quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White mountains one morning, after prayers in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled with Blood:" "Do you really believe that there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians and all physiologists and all scientists in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a 'slaughter-house religion' only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signi-fied. The blood that on the darkest Friday the world ever saw oozed or trickled or poured from the brow and the side and the hands and the feet of the illustrious sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up and forever disappeared, and if men had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries. In order to understand this red word of my text we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wild ly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of subtitution and voluntary suffering one in behalf of another.

At 2 o'clock to morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who by their looks show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head, and at nights an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and late? For fun? No, it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exnaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No, a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and wardrobe and education and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fail. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance and they are gone. Life for life. Blood for Substitution. At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour

when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning and outside on the window casement a glass or pitcher con-taining food for a sick child, the food set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution. The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption, some call t nervous prostration, some call it intermittent or malarial disposition, but I call it myrtyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution. Or perhaps she lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on looking carefully after his apparel, rememhis every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worm out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants bending ever her pillow ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterances they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is, she died for him. Life for life. Sub-

oetry of war soon vanished and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their hon-est rations and lived on meat not fit for a log. They had jaws fractured and eyes ex-inguished and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay dying on the field the night after the battle, and got it ot. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in parns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of he summer heat the only attendants on their bsequies. No one but the infinite God who tnows everything knows the ten-thousandth part of the length and breadth and depth and height of anguish of Northern and South-orn battlefields. Why did these fathers leave rn battlefields. heir children and go to the front, and why lid these young men, postponing the marriage lay, start out into the probabilities of never oming back! For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution. But we need not go so far. What is that nonument in Greenwood! It is to the docors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why Were there not enough sick to be atended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; out the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise and some vials of medicine and leaves ispatients here in the hands of other phyicians and takes the rail train. Before gets to the infected region he pisses crowded ail trains, regular and extra, taking the fly-ng and affrighted populations. He arrives in city over which a great horror is brood-He goes from couch to couch feeling of pulse and studying symptoms and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on until some morning finds him in a delirium in which he talks of home enable its ready mixture. About 12,000 and then rises and says he must go and lock after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls placed in the horses' mangers, where they can lick it as they wish. Their cwn taste for salt is considered the best back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrilice, his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furtherest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said, "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood.

> In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846 William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off

ubstitution

rather than put to death, the heroic counse uttering these beautiful words: 'I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or My child with an affectionate smile disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give because he says "God bless you!" as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger, but what reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill-suppressed censures and their excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where, even in his heart. I can expect to find the sentiment, the thought, not to say of reward or acknowledgement, but even of recognition * * * Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you that to the best of my knowledge and belief the prisoner at the bar was sentenced to die, but the post-mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public were wrong and William H. Seward was right, and that hard and stony step of obloquy in the Auburn court-room was one step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top or to within one ster of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothins

aw that the prisoner was idiotic and irre-sponsible and ought to be put in an asylum

have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The lifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to snoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused were then targets for critics to shoot man a young author of twenty-lour years, just me year out of college, came forth with his pen, and wrote the ablest and most famous esiays on art that the world ever saw or will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after in poverty and broken-heartedness the painter had died and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and purial at St. Paul's cathedral, his old-time riend took out of a tin box 19,000 pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter. and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for pubic observation. People say John Ruskin in ais old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to lo and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death he will eave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Blood for blood. Substitution. What an exalting principle this which eads one to suffer for another! Nothing so

kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence or thimes poetic canto or moves nations. principle is the dominant one in our religion -Christ the martyr, Christ the celestial hero, Christ the defender, Christ the substitute. No new principle, for it was as old as human lature, but now on a grander, wider, higher, leeper and more world-resounding scale. The shepherd-boy as champion for Israel, with a sling toppled the giant of Philistine braggadocio in the dust; but here is another David who for all the armies of churches nilitant and triumphant hurls the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazed armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at God's command agreed to acrifice his son Isaac, and the same God just in time had provided a ram of the hicket as a substitute. But here is another saac bound to the alter and no hand arrests the sharp edges of laceration and death, and the universe shivers and quakes and recoils and groans at the horror. All good men have for centuries been trying to tell who this ubstitute was like, and every comparison inspired and uninspired, evangelistic, pro hetic, apostolic and human, falls short, for Christ was the Great unlike. Adam, a type f Christ because he came directly from God; Joah, a type of Christ because he delivered his own family from a deluge; Melchisedec, type of Christ because he had no predecessor or successor; Joseph, a type of Christ because he was cast out by his brethren; Moses, type of Christ because he was a deliverer from bondage; Joshua, a type of Christ because he was a conqueror; Samson a type of Christ because of his strength to slay the ions and carry of the iron gates of im-possibility; Solomon, a type of Christ in the ffluence of his dominion; Jonah, a type of Christ because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others. But put together Adam and Noah, and Melchise lec and Joseph, and Moses and Joshua, and Samson and Solomon and Jonah, and they would not make a fragment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, or the millionth part of a hrist. He forsook a throne and sat down on his own footstool. He came from the top of glory to the bottom of humiliation and anged a circumference seraphic for a cirumference diabolic. Once waited on by now hissed at by brigands. From afar and high up he came lown; apast meteors, swifter than they; by starry thrones, himself more lustrous; past arger worlds to smaller worlds; down stairs of irmaments, and from cloud to cloud, and hrough the tree-tops, and into the camel's stall, to thrust his shoulder under our burdens and take the lances of pain through his vitals and wrapped himself in all the agonies which we deserve for our misdoings and stood on the splitting decks of a foundering ship amid the drenching surf of the sea, and About twenty-four years ago there went torth from our homes hundreds of thousands passed midnights on the mountains amid wild beasts of prey, and stood at the point where all earthly and infernal hostilities charged on of men to do battle for their country. All the

> pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous croup as Christ for us and Chris for you and Christ for me? Shall any man or woman or child in this audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christly suffering for us? Shall those whose sympathies have been wrung in behalf of the unfortunate have no apprecia tion of that one moment which was lifted out of all the ages of eternity as most consepicuous when Christ gathere I up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm and all their sorrows under his other arm and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm and I will heal all those under my left arm and I will heal all those under my arm. Strike me with all thy glittering shafts oh, eternal justice. Roll over me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow!" And the thun derbolts struck him from above and the sea of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricans after hurricane and cyclone after cyclone and then and there, in presence of heaver and earth and hell, yea, all worlds witnessing, the price, the bitter price, the transcend ent price, the awful price, the glorious price the infinite price, the eternal price was paid that sets us free. That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who have ever had their heart changed mean by "blood." I glory is this religion of blood. I am thrilled as I set the suggestive color in sacramental cup whether it be of burnished silver, set on cloth immaculately white or rough have cloth immaculately white, or rough-hewn from wood, set on table in log hut meeting house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see the altars of an ancient sacrifice crimsom with the blood of the slain lamb, and Leviticus is to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. Now I see why the destroying angel passing over Egypt in the night spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their door posts. Now l know what Isaiah means when he speaks of "One in red apparel coming with dyed gar-ments from Bozrah," and whom the Apocalypse means when he describes a heavenly chieftain whose "vesture was dipped in blood," and what Peter, the Apostle, means when he speaks of the "precious blood" and what John means when he refers to the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and what the old worn out, decrepit missionary Paul means when in my text he cries "without shedding of blood is no remission." By that blood you and I will be saved or never saved at all. In all the ages of the world God has not once par doned a single sin except through Savior's expiation, and he never will. Gloribe to God that the hill back of Jerusalen was the battlefield on which Christ achieved

him at once with their keen sabers—our sub-

When did attorney ever endure so much for

old Hugomont Chateau, the walls dented and scratched and broken and shattered of grape shot and cannon ball. There is the well in which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which for many hours English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the 160 guns of the English and the 250 guns of the French. Yonder the Hamoverian hussars fled for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohaine where the French cavalry, not knowing there was a hollow in the ground, rolled over and down, troop after troop, 2,000 horses and 1,500 men tumbling into one awful mass of suffering, hoof of kicking horses against brow and breast of captains and colonels and private soldiers, the human and the beastly groan kept up until, the day after, all was shoveled under because of the malodor arising in that hot month of June. "There," said our guide, "the Highland regi-ments lay down on their faces waiting for the moment to spring upon the foe. In that orchard 2,500 men were cut to pieces. Here stood Wellington with white lips, and up that knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, does not at this moment know why it is my knoll rode Marshal Ney on his sixth horse, shadow falls on you instead of his own.' He five having been shot under him. Here the ranks of the French broke and Marshal Ney with his boot slashed with a sword and hi hat off and his face covered with powder and blood, tried to rally his troops as he cried; "Come and see how a marshal of France dies on the battlefield!" From yonder direction Grouchy was expected for the French reinforcement, but he came not. Around those woods Blucher was looked for to reinforce the English, and just in time he come up. Yonder is the field where Napoleon stood, his arm through the reins of sublimer was ever seen in American court-room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury of the populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substituthe horse's bridle, dazed and insane, trying to go back." Scene of a battle that went on from 11:35 o'clock on the 18th of June unti In the realm of the fine arts there was as 4 o'clock, when the English seemed defeated remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hy-percriticised painter, Joseph William Turner and their commander cried out: "Boys, can you think of giving way? Remember old England!" and the tides turned, and at 8 vas met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings which o'c'ock in the evening the man of destiny who was called by his troops "Old Two Hundred Thousand" turned away with a broken heart, and the fate of centuries was decided. No wonder a great mound has been reared there wonder a great mound has been teared table, hundreds of feet high—a mound at the expense of millions of dollars and many years in rising. On the top is the great Belgian lion of bronze, and a grand old lion it is.

But our greater Waterloo was in Palestine.

There came a day when all hell rode up, led on by Apollyon, and the captain of our salvation confronted them alone. The Rider on the white horse of the Apocalypse going out against the black horse cavalry of death, and the batallions of the demoniac and the myrmidons of darkness. From 12 o'clock noon to 3 o'clock in the afternoon the great est battle of the universe went on. Eternal destinies were being decided. All the arrows of hell pierced our chieftain and the battle axes struck him until brow and cheek and shoulder and hand and foot were incarnadined with oozing life. But he fought or until he gave a final stroke with sword from Jehovah's buckler and the commander-in chief of hell and all his forces fell back in everlasting ruin, and the victory was ours And on the mound that celebrates the triumpl we plant this day two figures, not in bronze or iron, or sculptured marble, but two figures of living light, the Lion of Judah's tribe and the Lamb that was slain.

famous spot. A son of one who was in the battle and who had heard from his father

a thousand times the whole scene recited, ac-

companied us over the field. There stood the

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

Opening Hell Gate. The bars are down, Hell Gate is opened wide, There's room for victims of the licensed sin; Broad is the way, and many go therein And float serenely on the dangerous tide, Where whirlpools coil and hidden rocks abide, With unexploded dynamite within,

Ground and prepared in Satan's mills Where all that's just is hated and denied. One Hell Gate opens only to the sea, Inviting commerce and prosperity; The other is the inhospitable door,

Where bacchanalian victims shout and roar, Unconscious of the covered dynamite, The electric spark a touch may soon ignite; On every corner unseen wires diffuse The fire, and death is there to touch the fuse. -Geo. W. Bungay, in Temperance Advocate.

Tying the Wrong Man.

Some years ago I was living in a village in Solano county. Upon one occasion a young man drove a wagon into town loaded with fruit. After he had placed his fruit on the train he went into a saloon to take a few drinks and have "h good time" with the boys; very soon he became wild with liquor and was so unmanageable that the constable of the township had to arrest him. As there was no prison in the town he resorted to tying the fellow with his back to the

tree right in the main street. For a time he surged and tugged at the ropes, but finding his efforts useless, he cried out: "My God? has it come to this? Tied to a tree like a horse?"

Then gathering his scattered wits he said to the constable: "I ain't the fellow to tie. Tie the man that sold the

Here was true philosophy for you; why arrest and tie the corrupted and let

the corrupter go on with his work? We have temporized long enough with this giant evil. The time has come when we ought to rise in our might as sov. ereigns and crush it out. We have been tying the wrong man long enough. Let us seize the right man now and rivet fetters so securely upon him that no strength or skill will ever avail to break them .- Rescue.

Whisky Vielence. The lawless violence of the whisky men has lately shown itself with increasing frequency and bitterness. In Franklin county, Ga., the illicit distillers have inaugurated a literal "reign of terror." In consequence of information given to the revenue officers their operations have been interfered with. One young man named Dyar, who had testified against the whisky men, was shot dead while riding home in his wagon. Another, a farmer, suspected of having information against them, was fired at while sitting before the fireplace in his own house, and narrowly escaped with his life. In a neighboring county in Tennessee a deputy-marshal, with an illicit whisky distiller in charge as a prisoner, was shot and killed on a recent Sunday morning. The Rev. Sam Jomes, the great Southern evangelist, who is unsparing in his denunciation of whisky, has lately had his barn blown up with dynamite. Violence is whisky's only defence. - National Temperance Advocate.

Temperance Notes.

John B. Talman, of Lynn, Mass., has lately given \$30,000 for the enforcement of the liquor laws, and trustees of the fund are now pushing liquor prosecu-

The Quarterly Journal of Inebricty says: "The liberty of an inebriate ends when that liberty becomes a curse to others and interferes with the good order

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, in the recent annual session of the Woman's Congress, held at Des Moines, Iowa, made an cloquent plea for the abolition of the uni-

RELIGIOUS READING.

Realthy Piety.

The stoutest timber stands on Norwegian rocks, where tempests rage, and long, hard winters reign. The muscles are seen most fully developed in the brawny arm that plies the blacksmith's hammer. Even so, the most vigorous and healthy piety is that which is the busiest, which has difficulties to battle with, which has its hands full of good works, which has neither time nor room for evil, but, aiming at great things both for God and man, promptly and sammarily dismisses temptations with Nehemiah's answer, "I have a great work to do, therefore I cannot come down." Visiting The Poor. Miss Octavia Hills says, "I am con-

vinced that one of the evils of much

that is done for the poor springs from

the want of delicacy felt, and com-

tesy shown towards them, and that we

cannot beneficially help them in any

spirit different to that in which we

help those who are better off. The

help may differ in amount, it should not differ in kind." Apply these words to visiting as well as to giving. Do not try to visit many families, but only enough to be able to go often, so that a true friendship may spring up. Once win the friendship of the various members of the home, and they can be influenced for good. In visiting do not give money. Let Miss Hills again speak, "I hope you will notice that I have dwelt on the need of restraining yourselves from almsgiving, on the sole ground that such restraint is the only true mercy to the poor themselves. I have no desire to protect the purses of the rich, no hard feeling to the poor. I am thinking continualy and only of what is really kindest to them, kindest in the long run certainly, but still kindest. I think small doles unkind to them, though they bring a momentary smile to their faces. First of all, I think they make them really poorer. Then I think they degrade them and make them less independent. Thirdly, I think they destroy the possibility of really good relations between you and them. Surely, when you go among them you have better things to do for them than to give them half-crowns. You want to know them to enter into their lives, their thoughts; to let them enter into some of your orightness; to make their lives a ittle fuller, a little gladder. You who know so much more than they, might help them so much in the crises of their lives. . . The gift you have to make the poor, depend upon it, is the greatest of all gifts you can make—that of yourselves, following in your great Master's steps, whose life is the foundation of all charity. The form of it may change with the ages; the great law remains, 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.' But see that thou give him bread, not a stone-bread, the nourishing thing, that which wise thought teaches you will be to him helpful, not what will ruin him body and soul; else, while obeying the letter of the command; you will be false to its deep, everlasting meaning. My friends, I have lived face to face with the poor now for some years, and I have not learned to, think gifts of necessaries, such as a man usually provides for his own family, helpful to them I have abstained from such, and expect those who love the poor, and know them individually, will do so more and more in the time to come. I have sometimes been asked by rich acquaintances, when I have said this, whether I do not remember the words, 'Never turn your face from any poor man.' Oh, my friends, what strange perversion of words this seems to me. I may deserve reproach; I may have forgotten many a poor man, and done as careless a thing as anyone; but I cannot help thinking that to give one's self, rather than one's money, to the poor is not exactly turning one's face from him. If I, caring for him and striving for him, do in my inmost heart believe that my money, spent in providing what he might by effort provide for himself, is harmful to him, surely he and I may be friends all the same. Surely, I am bound to give him only what I believe to be best. He may not always understand it at the moment, but he will feel it in God's own good time." The following suggestions, taken from the New York Charity Organization Society Manual, should be well noticed: "Avoid the appearance of

dictation, also of inquisitiveness Never repeat to others what you may learn in the families you visit. Give sympathy, but do not lead them to be discontented; their lot is hard enough, do not make it harder; give courage, energy and hope. Do not be discouraged or disappointed—the habits of a lifetime are not to be corrected in a day. Be patient as you would be with your own children; appeal to their better selves from your own better

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Boston, has been instrumental in procuring laws in fourteen States for compulsory education in the effects of liquor on drinkers. The society now seems to feel the responsibility of indicating what the lessons ought to be. It has been decided that, in Massachusetts at least, children shall be instructed that alcohol is never desirable as an article of food, that any considerable indulgence in it is sure to be correspondingly injurious to the body, and that mental and moral ruin is bound to result from excess.